

## My Hero

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Heroes can be just about anyone. Some have earned Nobel prizes. Some have led marches and protests. Some are world leaders and some have been to the moon. Many have recorded hit singles in the music industry. Others have made millions off a simple story. But what really makes a hero? Are heroes born or made? Do heroes look like movie stars or do they look like the guy who waxes the floors at the end of the day? Are they brave enough to takedown an evil terrorist? Or are they just brave enough for a roller coaster?

My hero hasn't been to the moon. And he hasn't lead a protest. He didn't win a Nobel prize and he wasn't a world leader. My hero was a friend, a husband, a brother, a cousin, a father, a pilot, and one of the bravest people I've known. My hero is my dad. He was a commander in the Navy Reserve. He flew packages for FedEx. He had a wife, three kids, three brothers, three sisters, a mother-in-law, a sister-in-law, numerous cousins, and innumerable friends.

The thing that made my dad a hero was that he was never afraid and if he was he never showed it. He was incredibly honest. My dad was a friend to everyone. My dad would have given his life for his family and his country. There was nothing that my dad couldn't do. He was so strong. Every morning I would walk into his room and say good morning. He would gather up all his strength and as soon as I walked in he would sit up, smile, and act like nothing was wrong.

Heroes don't have to be superstars. And they don't have to beat any world records. They can be a parent, a teacher, a counselor, even the garbage man can be a hero. But heroes have to be a couple of things. They should be loving honest, brave, loyal, and kind. They should be kind to people who might not be as fortunate. They should be loving to family, and brave no matter what. They should be loyal to friends, family, God, and their country. They must be honest to their friends so you can trust them.

My dad inspires me because he was all of the things that make a hero. He inspires me because he never gave up, even in the face of death.

My dad inspires me to do the very best I can, and be the very best I can be. He inspires me to fly someday. To say, "Yes I can" in the face of failure. He taught me to never give up, no matter what. He taught me to succeed. He showed me how to be brave. He inspires me to be loyal to our country, God, friends, and family. He taught me to be kind to everyone, even complete strangers, and loving to family. He inspires me to be me. My dad is my hero.

*My dad, Jerry M. Sadler, died of cancer on November 11, 1999. I was 7 years old and in the second grade. He left behind a wife, three children, three brothers, the sisters, and many others.*